

when you died  
in a hollywood rest home  
the one for  
aging useless movie stars  
it was inevitable  
that you  
would be alone  
and now  
although someone will  
forgetfully try  
to book you for the johnny carson  
show again  
(and laugh at his mistake)  
you were probably  
never more serious than  
the times you were heard  
saying:  
this place is really haunted

-- Paul F. Fericano

Millbrae, CA

#### THE SEARS CAPER

his younger brother fondled the bikes on display nearby while maintaining a watch for the store detective. hands slick as Harry the Pickpocket, the kid slipped a 39¢ pair of bicycle handlebar streamers into the inner lining of his pea coat pocket. he faced about smartly and stepped on the foot of the store detective (while kid brother blissfully fondled the bikes nearby). "o.k., kid, let's have a look in your hidden pocket!" out came the 39¢ bike streamers and into a private office the kid was ushered.

he was prepared for the worst they could deal him. thoroughly grilled, he was ordered home to inform the parents of an impending visit by the law. before the mom he tearfully recreated the dubious deed, swearing her to secrecy -- for the dad would surely kill him. the apprehensive wait ensued -- what if they showed after the dad came home?! they didn't. kid Sucker. they didn't show up at all.